# THE SENTIMENTS.

A

# POEM

TO THE

# EARL of DANBY

IN THE

# TOWER.

By a PERSON of QUALITY.

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THE

SENTIMENTAL

POEM

OF THE

FARMER'S

TOWER.

# THE SENTIMENTS.

AH, *TOM!* hadst thou but read my *MACHIAVEL*,
Thou might'st have kept in the *Exchequer* still.
Thou might'st have Pol'd us o're, and o're again,
And more than *Monarch*, o're Three Kingdoms raign.
The two chief Sinews of Devouring War,
*Money and Arms*, still at thy Elbows are.
Both in the Mint, and in the Magazine,
A Pageant of thy Power may be seen.
These to thy self thou hadst secur'd, and then
*Pompone* and *Cheese* had both neglected been.
But thou, like th' fabulous Dog, to thy dear cost,
Grasping at Shadows, hast the Substance lost.
Subjects that catch at Kingdoms, find at last,
The *Globe* is onely for a Monarch's grasp.
The *Golden-Ball*, in Emblematick sence,
Says, Supream Rule onely belongs toth' Prince;
For us 'tis dang'rous; and th' Excess of Power.
Sends the dread Wight, to put it off i'th' *TOWER*.
Then the man looks, that struck the Isle with fear,
Harmless, as are the uncharg'd Cannon there;
Or as the Figures armed *Cap-a-pe*,
Which Reliques of our *British* Glory be.

'Tis not your patience ſtops the Ills you'd do;
Then ſtingleſs Snakes lie ſtill by Patience too:
But as hard Froſts do Torrents quiet make,
Here you're Confin'd for th' Publick ſafety's ſake.
Now may'ſt thou ſmile to ſee the ſolemn ſport,
Which vexes buſie Greatneſs in the *Court*.
Too late you know, Court-Policie's more fit
To be rejected, than to ſtudy it.
Since that the *Actions* of th' *Ambitious* are
But as the falſe Alarms in Running War.
Unquietneſs and Guilt is all they gain,
And the great Toil is recompenc'd with Pain.
*Thrones* are the hardeſt Seats in Palaces,
Where weary Power does never ſit at eaſe.
Methinks I hear thee pleaſantly declare,
How rigidly thou art confin'd from Care;
And others growing into thy Diſeaſe,
Whilſt you for Penance, muſt endure your Eaſe.
Fallacious Power, a Great man's worſt Diſeaſe;
Without it ſick, and with it, worſe at eaſe.
'Tis the *Court-Gout*, of which, men ne're complain;
Fruition numbs and ſtupifies the Pain.
In its decreaſe the Patient worſe does grow;
In all Diſtempers elſe, 'tis never ſo.
But to thine own Experience I appeal;
Doſt thou not now its bitter twinges feel?
*Favorites* depos'd, wiſh they had never known
*Riches* or *Sway* they toil'd to make their own.

A *Great Man's* Rule and Power is underſtood
More in the harm they do him, than the good.
Miſchiefs make haſte, in their acceſs; but ſlow,
As loaded Snails, when they depart, they go.
Increaſe of *Power*, the Tyde of Greatneſs, is
Thruſt on at Land, as Rivers are from Seas:
Which at no Mark can one poor moment ſtay,
But when it leaves to float, muſt ebbe away.
A *Subjects Grandeur* hath this worſt of fate,
That where its glory moſt does elevate,
'Tis blemiſht there, by being ſingular,
And Envy blaſts the Fame it cannot ſhare.
The Sun's exceſs of Luſtre, is the Cauſe,
That o're's own face he ſuch dark Vapors draws:
So ſince thy Race in glory was begun,
Thou canſt not now black Exhalations ſhun.
Through Miſts of Common breath, thy paſſage lyes,
And from their Lungs, the worſt Contagion flyes.
Made bigger, like the Sun at's going down,
Though rob'd o'th' Rays that did his Temples Crown.
A *Statef-man's Greatneſs*, like the Chymiſt's Stone,
Breeds buſie Spies, and Dangers, when 'tis ſhown.
'Tis dangerous to take into our Breaſts
Secrets of *Kings*, and *Kingdoms* Intereſts.
The *Jews* that ſwallow'd down their wealthy Stuff,
Found their own Bowels were not ſafe enough.
Whilſt thus to ſave their Jewels, they Deſigne,
The *Roman* Swords, Delv'd into th' living Mine.

Happy's the Man, that can ſecurely pleaſe
His humble Mind with Ignorance and Eaſe;
That ne're approaches on the Icie ground,
Where *Monarchs* walk, nor their vaſt depths does ſound.
Who's led by no Court-wiſp, t'a Precipice,
Where on each ſide, Ruine preſented is.
Whilſt a *State-Pylot* would *Charybdis* ſhun,
What boots it, if on *Scylla* he muſt run?
'Twixt two Extreams, let *Vertue* keep her Throne,
The *Golden Mean* to Stateſmen's rarely known.
With *Icarus* on waxen Plumes they flye,
And ſoar a pitch, for their weak wings too high,
'Till they come tumbling headlong from the Skie.
Lax't by the Beams they riſe, they fall as faſt,
As Arrows, when their Elevations paſt.
So dangerous a Riſque thou hadſt not run,
Hadſt thou took *Phœbus*'s Councel to his Son;
Or thought to th' *Builders* what Confuſion came,
By raiſing *Babel* to too high a frame;
Thou hadſt not, then, miſtook the way to Fame,
And where th'expectedſt Glory, met with Shame.
Thou then hadſt ſpent thy Days ſecure, at eaſe,
Calm as the *Halcyons* brooding on the Seas.
But obſtinate as *Phaëton* thou waſt,
And now maiſt curſe thy raſh unbridled haſte.
For he that undertakes *Great Charles his Wain*
Is but another *Phaëton* in Grain,
And bids the *Britiſh World* betimes complain.

Deſtru-

Deſtruction's threatned by his mad Career,
And all th' *Inferior World* is ſtruck with fear.
'Tis then high time, that *Jove* his Thunder take,
And all reſerves of Pitty quite forſake;
This muſt be ſo, for the *Poor Kingdom*'s ſake.
When *Miniſters* their Publick Power reduce
To private Ends, and to peculiar uſe,
Ill fares the *State:* for then they act the wrong,
Which to prevent, they only were made ſtrong;
The Nobleſt task, that does to Power belong.
Theſe always ſhould be eaſie of Acceſs;
Let *Suitors* need no Guide, but their Diſtreſs;
When high in Power, make their approaches low,
To meet and lift the humble, when they bowe.
They ſhould with patient Ears, attend the Tongue,
And hear th' oppreſſed out, though ne're ſo long.
With ſuch a ſweet Compaſſion meet their moan,
They ſhould with that, ſeem ſatisfy'd, when gone.
A Gen'rous Temper, ſweet Civility,
Forms, without which, Courts but in *Chaos* lye;
And which, the cognizance have ever been,
Of a ſafe Greatneſs, ſatisfy'd within;
Which covets toyling Power, for others Eaſe,
Not to be able to offend, but pleaſe.
Who never Peace obſtruct, becauſe they are
Accountleſs Stewards to that ſpender War.
O what a mighty Diſtance does appear
Between the *Court*, and this fair Character!

Man-

Mankinde doth practiſe Villany ſo faſt,
As they ſhould act too little, without haſt.
Earth which made man, Refin'd, man does eſteem,
Although the Author of all Ills to him.
*Midas* himſelf knew not a greater Curſe,
Than that of Gold; nor can there be a worſe.
Branded for folly, wiſely yet he went,
By *Mighty Bacchus*, to *Pactolus*, ſent.
And in the ſtreams his Golden vertue leaves,
Which to her Sands as proudly ſhe bequeaths.
Th' Ambitious Stateſ-man do'nt himſelf admire
For what he hath, but proudly does deſire;
Does tacitly confeſs, he aims at Sway,
Becauſe he's grown too haughty to obey.
His *Paraſites*, who contradict their Heart,
With well-diſſembled Lyes, their ſtudy'd Art;
Pleaſe him, though their own Reaſon they diſpleaſe,
Hoping their fawning Arts may gain them Eaſe.
How vainly glorious does he then appear,
Whom the Proud envy, and the Humble fear!

*My Lord*,

Since You were placed by the *Royal Hand*,
On giddy Heights, where none alive could ſtand:
Since You were deſtin'd to more watchful Care,
Than *Centinels* in *Towns*, the *Scenes* of War:
To ſtear the State when diſmal Stormes appear'd,
Such, as were by the beſt State-Pylots fear'd;

Deſerves

Deſerves more wonder, that ſo long You ſtood,
Than that You e're were ſhipwrackt in the flood.
Search Ages paſt, and Records for their Fate,
Great Fav'rites ſeldome have prov'd fortunate.
Toth' *Tower*, from the Throne tranſplanted, now,
Though waſht with fruitful Tides, ne're hope to grow.
The Fates thy Term of Greatneſs did aſſigne,
To which arriv'd, thou do'ſt as faſt decline:
When Fav'rites ſet, they never riſe to ſhine;
Or if they do, 'tis a portentous Light,
Like that of Emrald-Rainbows in the Night,
Or Comets, that ſtrike terror to our ſight.
States-men, the topmoſt Boughs of Cedars be,
Adding both height and beauty to the Tree:
But from the *Royal Trunk* when lopt away,
They quickly fade, and run into decay.
At thy *Enſtalment*, when thy *George* fell down,
'Twas for an *Omen*, of thy Ruine, ſhown.
The *Genius* of the *Iſle*, the *Brave* St *George*,
Left Thee to ſullen Fate, and ſcorn'd his Charge.
What Wiſdome then thy Conduct can decry,
Becauſe too weak to baffle Deſtiny?
Let zealous Fools rejoyce, I cannot chooſe
But mourn, for the great Excellence we looſe.
Such a prepoſterous Fate does wail it hence,
When it does fall, it riſes to our ſence.
Great Vertue may be dang'rous whil'ſt 'tis here,
As Light offends the Eyes by being near.



This

This *Topick* well *His Royal Highneſs* knew,
And, in Obedience to the *King*, withdrew.
As the *Brave Julius*, who did early ſtrive,
At more than man, was hated when alive,
Even for that Vertue; which was rais'd ſo high,
When dead, it made him ſtrait *a Deity*.
Our *Royal Heroe* thus will Fame prefer,
And place him foremoſt in her Kalender.
So *Noble*, *Valiant*, *Loyal*, One whoſe Name,
Flyes round the World, upon the Wings of *Fame*:
Whom, like a *Heroe* in ſome Battle loſt,
I mention, not in pitty, but in boaſt.
Whoſe Subjects, then, ſhall wiſh him in the *Throne*,
Too late, when He to's Kindred Gods is gone.
By being Confin'd, Your *Lordſhip*'s ſet at large,
And have from Care and Pow'r a bleſt diſcharge.
Being now far more *Auguſt*, within Your Sphere,
Than when the *Courts bright Star* You did appear.
Let others take their turns of Power and State,
And their own Fortunes ſo precipitate,
Unleſs by Yours, they rectifie their Fate.
Leave them to reſtleſs Care, being ſtill alarm'd,
With *bloudy Factions*, though they ſeem unarm'd;
Who for our Souls-ſake, would *Religion* change,
And think their own the beſt, for being ſtrange:
Who weary of Our *Scepter* here, would fly,
To ſeek new Faſhions for *Authority*,
And fetch us home *a Crown three ſtories high*.

From

From *Forreign States*, they'd bring Rebellion home,
Then call juſt Puniſhment *a Martyrdome*.
For when by Juſtice of the Law ſubdu'd,
They call unwilling ſuffring, Fortitude.
*Coleman* his Treaſons did negotiate,
In tender Love and Pitty to the State;
And in a work ſo great, for his defence,
Did ſatisfie himſelf with *Innocence*.
To the *grim Tree* of Fate, he cheerful came,
By his laſt Act, t'obtain *a Martyr*'s fame.
Nor did the *Reſt* diſmaid approach the Place,
A Dying Martyr's Smiles crown'd ev'ry face.
And I am told his *Holineſs* has given
To ev'ry one of them, *A Throne in Heaven*.
Each had his *Paſport*, and, *by Maſs*, 'tis hop't,
There's not a Soul in *Purgatory* ſtopt.
Though Conſcience be in Man a ſecret ſhame
Of doing ill, yet in *Cabals* they claim
Not only Freedom for the Ills they do,
But call Religion to abet them too.
A *Deity* they ſeek in bloud, and boaſt,
They then have found him, when they've Nature loſt.
But whilſt with *Heaven*, they ſo familiar grow
They to the *Earthly Gods* diſdain to bow.
And their *Religion*, not from Zeal approve,
But for the gainful Miſchiefs which they love.
*Miſchiefs*, whoſe depths, in *Tyber* muſt be found;
And which, no Line, but length of Time, can ſound.

*FINIS.*